

The sport of killing.
Hanging by hook and 1,000lb test
Predator vs. predator
To turn these waters red
The sharks go berserk
They circle the boat
We hide with machetes and knives
Ambush and cut their throats

Chopped up. Chunks. Cuts.
Frozen in buckets of blood

With my trusty machete
I carve the parts to summon the sharks
Lurking around the jetty
In a frenzy they're circling, their incisors ready
To masticate and to munch
These things you call humans but we call it lunch
They smell it from miles away
I stand at the dock now a butchering block
Smashing. Hacking. Laughing.

We carry a payload
Chopped torsos, heads and limbs
Ground into a mulch
Frozen and chummified

Intestines.
Fresh organs
Left on the dock, reeking, coked by the sun
So pungent
Disturbing.
Vomiting induced and mixed with the chyme.
This is blood.
Not ashes.
No mourning.
No love.

Sharks go berserk when the blood starts to spurt from
the stern to the bow human chum is thrown out

They never thought this would be the way they'd
eventually die.
Shredded into bite-sized pieces - a human goesicle.

Knee-deep in intestines, gray soupy mixture resembling chyme.
Sloshing heaps mobilized by waves distributing the piles.
Granulized.
Homocide.
Chummified.